At such a conuoy, who came off brauely, who was shot,
Who disgraced, what termes the enemy stood on.
And this they con perfectly in phrase of warre,
Which they tricke vp with new tun'd oathes,
And what a beard of the Generals cut,
And a horrid shout of the Campe
Will do among the foming bottles and alewasht wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne
To know such slanders of this age,
Or else you may meruellously be mistooke.

Flew. Certaine Captaine *Gower*, it is not the man,
Looke you, that I did take him to be:
But when time shall serue, I shall tell him a little
Of my desires: heere comes his Maiesty.

Enter King, Clarence, Gloster, and others.

King. How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?

Flew. I and it shall please your Maiesty,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.

King. What men haue you lost *Flewellen*?

Flew. And it shall please your Maiesty,
The partition of the aduersary hath beene great,
Very reasonably great, but for our owne parts,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a Church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiesty
Know the man, his face is full of whelks, and knubs,
And pumples, and his breath blowes at his nose
Like a coale, sometimes red, sometimes plew;
But God be praised, now his nose is executed,
And his fire out.

King. We would haue all offenders so cut off,
And here we giue expresse commandement,
That there be nothing taken from the villages
But paid for; none of the French abused,
Or vpbraided with disdainfull language:
For when cruelty and lenity play for a Kingdome,
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

Enter

Enter the Frenc

Herald. You know me by m

King. Well then, we know t
What should we know of t

Her. My Masters minde.

Her. Go thee vnto *Harry* o

Aduantage is a better souldier
Although we did seeme dead,
Now we speake vpon our kue
England shall repent her folly
And admire our sufferance. V
His pettinesse would bow vnd
For the effusiõn of our blood,
For the disgrace we haue born
At our feete, a weake and wor
To this, adde defiance.
So much from the King my Ma

King. VVhat is thy name?

Herald. Montioy.

King. Thou dost thy office
And tell thy King, I do not see
But could be well content, wit
To march on to *Callis*; for to
(Though tis no wisedome to c
Vnto an enemy of craft and va
My souldiers are with sickness
My Army lessened, and those
Almost no better then so many
VVho when they were in hear
I thought vpon one paire of E
Did march three Frenchmens.
Yet God forgiue me, that I do
Your aire of *France* hath blow
I must repent, go tell thy Mast
My ransome is this fraile and
My Army but a weake and sic